



Sally's Basket.

A New SONG

COME all young men and maids,
 I'd have you to look back,
 Look into Sally's basket,
 And see what you do lack :
 Here is fine China oranges,
 And lemons full of juice,
 'Twill make the young mens mouths water,
 When girls are in their youths.

Come here, my pretty maid,
 And sit you down by me,
 And a dainty curious garden,
 My dear I'll shew to thee.
 Here is fine pinks and roses,
 And lillies of milk white,
 I do protest I love you,
 My own dear hearts delight.

pray don't be so hasty,
 The girl to him she said,
 To have so longing desire,
 For to ensnare a maid :
 For when you've had your will of me,
 Then from me you will go,
 And leave me here behind,
 In sorrow, grief, and woe.

I pray do not say so,
 My charming pretty maid,
 For I will never leave you,
 So never be afraid :
 For I will never leave you,
 By all the powers above,
 'Tis you I love for ever,
 My charming turtle dove.

And if I to the sea,
 Am forced to go,
 To leave my dearest jewel,
 In sorrow grief and woe.
 There's nothing more can trouble me,
 Nor run so in my mind,
 To leave my dearest jewel
 In sorrow here behind.

I'll travel down to Portsmouth, 67/
 For to find my dearest dear,
 And if I cannot find him,
 To me he'll prove severe.
 How the blooming of my eye,
 And the comfort of my charms,